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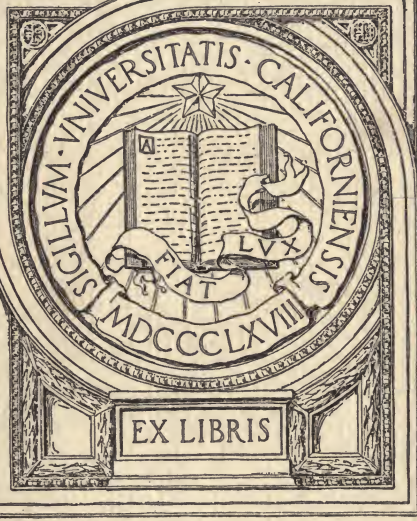

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Poems

Peter W. Sams

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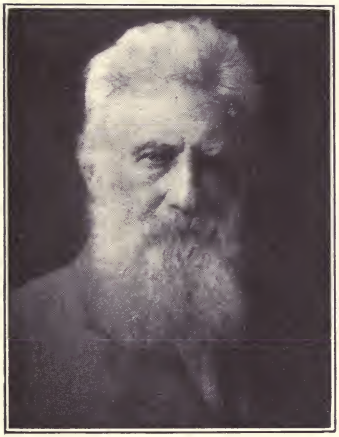

A Wonderful Thought

and

Other Poems

by

Peter W. Sams

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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F. D. Merrill.

Introduction

To the many friends who knew and loved Mr. Peter W. Sams we are presenting herewith three of his poems, hitherto unpublished. Two of the poems show a little of his religion which like his politics and his views on public questions was a product of his own deep independent thought. The third poem is presented as illustrative of his saving sense of humor which made his companionship enjoyable to his many friends.

Born in Ohio in 1840, the oldest child in a large family, he gave his early life to helping his younger brothers and sisters. In 1864 he removed to Illinois, settling near Brighton in Macoupin county where he resided until he removed to Los Angeles, California, in 1890.

In 1879 he was married to May Flannigan who died two years later leaving him with his only child—now Mrs. May S. Merrill. Three years later he married Eliza J. Fruit who passed away about ten years before he was called to his last rest.

He was ever faithful to his friends and his later years were marked by his devotion to his four grandchildren. In 1870 he took the first three degrees in Masonry in Hibbard Lodge, F. & A. M., Brighton, Illinois. At the time of his death, he was a member of Palestine Lodge, F. & A. M., Los Angeles, California, and Palestine Chapter, O. E. S., Los Angeles. He passed on to the other side July 12, 1919.

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His philosophy of life is perhaps best shown in his own words.

"This world would be a lonesome place
Were we of all our friends bereft,
With all our loved ones called away
And none but self to love were left."

And again—

"When your mental skies are overcast
And for sunshine you are pining,
Just turn the dark clouds inside out
And take a look at the lining."

F. D. MERRILL.

Berkeley, Calif., July, 1919.

A Wonderful Thought and Some Beautiful Things

O wonderful thought! How we're rapidly whirled
Through boundless space on this beautiful world,
With its beautiful rivers and lakes and seas,
Its beautiful forests of beautiful trees,
With its beautiful mountains whitecapped with snow
And beautiful grass covered valleys below,
With the beautiful verdure of its sun kissed hills
And its flowers kept beautiful by sparkling rills
Which are formed by beautiful drops of rain
And flow from the mountain to water the plain.
The clouds and the rainbow the stars and the sky
Are all objects of beauty we're told by the *Eye*.

There are beautiful songs from the birds in the trees,
And beautiful music in the hum of the bees,
In the wind as it gently rustles the leaves,
In the raindrops that gently drop down from the eaves,
In the voices of loved ones who to us are dear
There is beautiful music, we're told by the *Ear*.

There is beauty in the love of the friends whom we meet,
When with kindly good fellowship we each other greet.
There is beauty in impressions that never will fade
From the lives of our fellows if lovingly made.
But the beautiful things that the world *now* most needs
Are beautiful thoughts expressed in our deeds,
If such beautiful thought of our lives be a part,
We shall know by the joy that we feel in the heart.

To A Friend

An Inspiration by a Sunset Viewed from the Cliffs Near the Golden Gate

When the light of your life goes out from earth
May it peacefully pass away,
Like the golden gleam of the setting sun
O'er the sea at the close of day

As he sinks from sight in the ocean's heart
And his brightness fades away
To give place to the mellower light of the stars
That follow his westward way.

They their silent and faithful vigil keep
In their peaceful and quiet way
O'er the swelling bosom of the billowy deep
Till the dawn of the coming day.

May good guardian angels watch over you then
As the stars watch over the deep
And keep in their memory the good you have done
While you're taking your last long sleep.

Then may your new life like the rising sun
Burst forth in a cloudless sky
And shine brighter, grow happier, more beautiful still
As eternity's eons roll by.

And there in the presence of God may you live
And enjoy the reward of the blest
In that beautiful land—the home of the good
The land of eternal rest.

Description of Voyage
From Los Angeles to San Francisco
As Written to a Friend

You asked me to write you and tell of my trip
Now I'll open the throttle and just let 'er rip.
I left Los Angeles the steamer to take,
And went to San Pedro via the Salt Lake.

I there left the train and boarded the Yale
Which lay at the dock just ready to sail.
In the harbor the water was quiet enough
But outside of there it was pretty—well, rough.

We watched the wide water from earliest dawn,
That we might see a whale out sprinkling the lawn
Some didn't get seasick and some of us did,
And it took lots of pressure to hold down the lid.

Away down in the water looking over the rail
You might see a big fish standing up on his tail,
With his mouth wide open as big as a tub
And big tears in his eyes as he looked up for grub.

When some poor sea sick Satan with a heluvahoop
Would hump up his back and pass him the soup.
It was awful to hear the heart rending groans
As we thought of the locker of old Davy Jones.

But at last our good ship triumphed over fate
And brought us all safely in through the Gate,
To the city that was shaken so hard by the quake
And afterwards burned like the one by the lake.

Now: If you don't credit what I've said by this pen
And think I'm a liar just ask me again.
If then you don't believe it don't raise a big fuss
For it's all you will get from your friend,

A Kweerkuss.

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